

JUNE
No. 65

SMASH COMICS

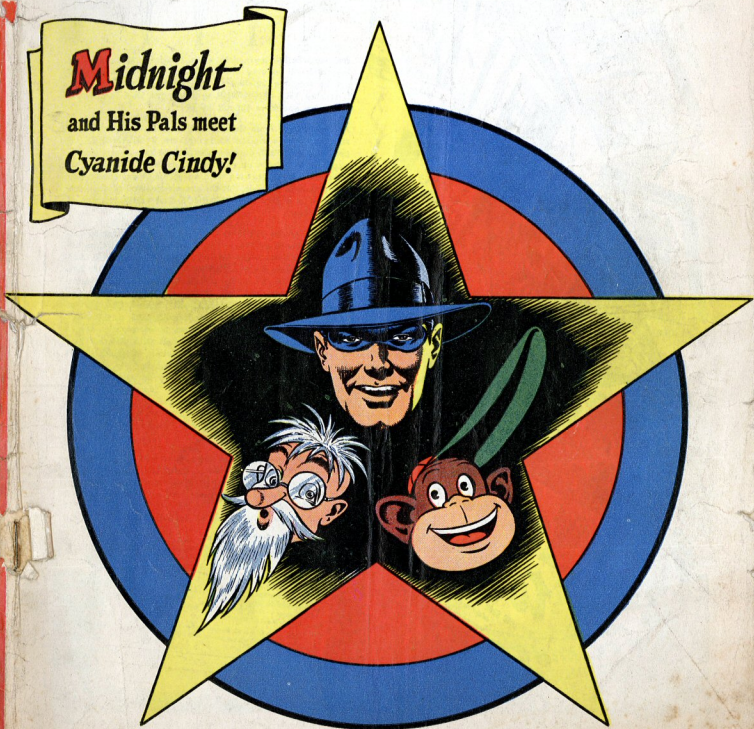
10¢

54
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6



New!

Midnight
and His Pals meet
Cyanide Cindy!





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Midnight

by Paul
Gustavson

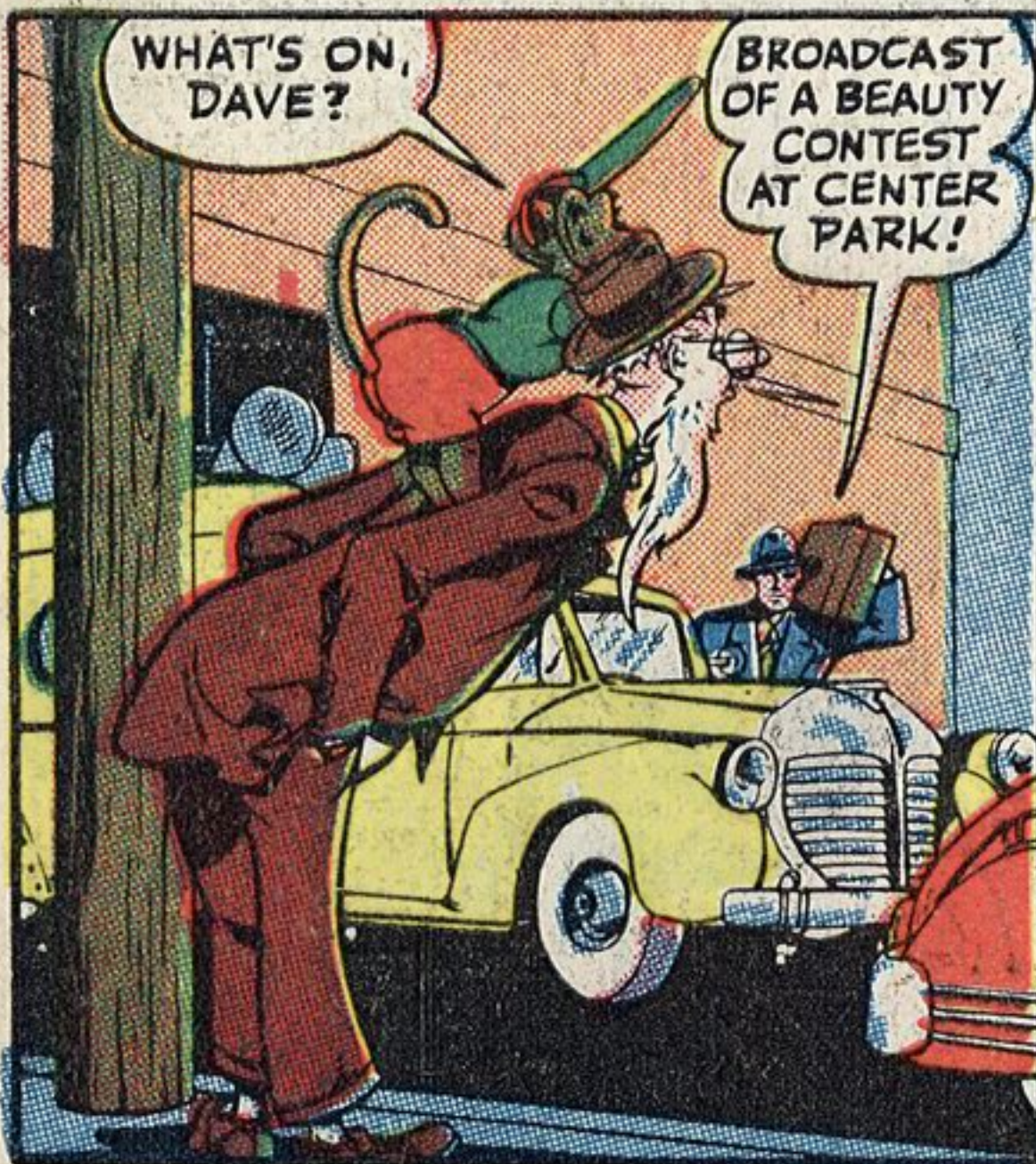
ANYONE
ELSE WANT TO
ARGUE WHO'S
THE WINNER
?

NUMBER
ONE'LL TAKE
IT!

AS ONE
OF THE JUDGES,
I ASSURE YOU
THAT NUMBER
FOUR IS THE
PRETTIEST!

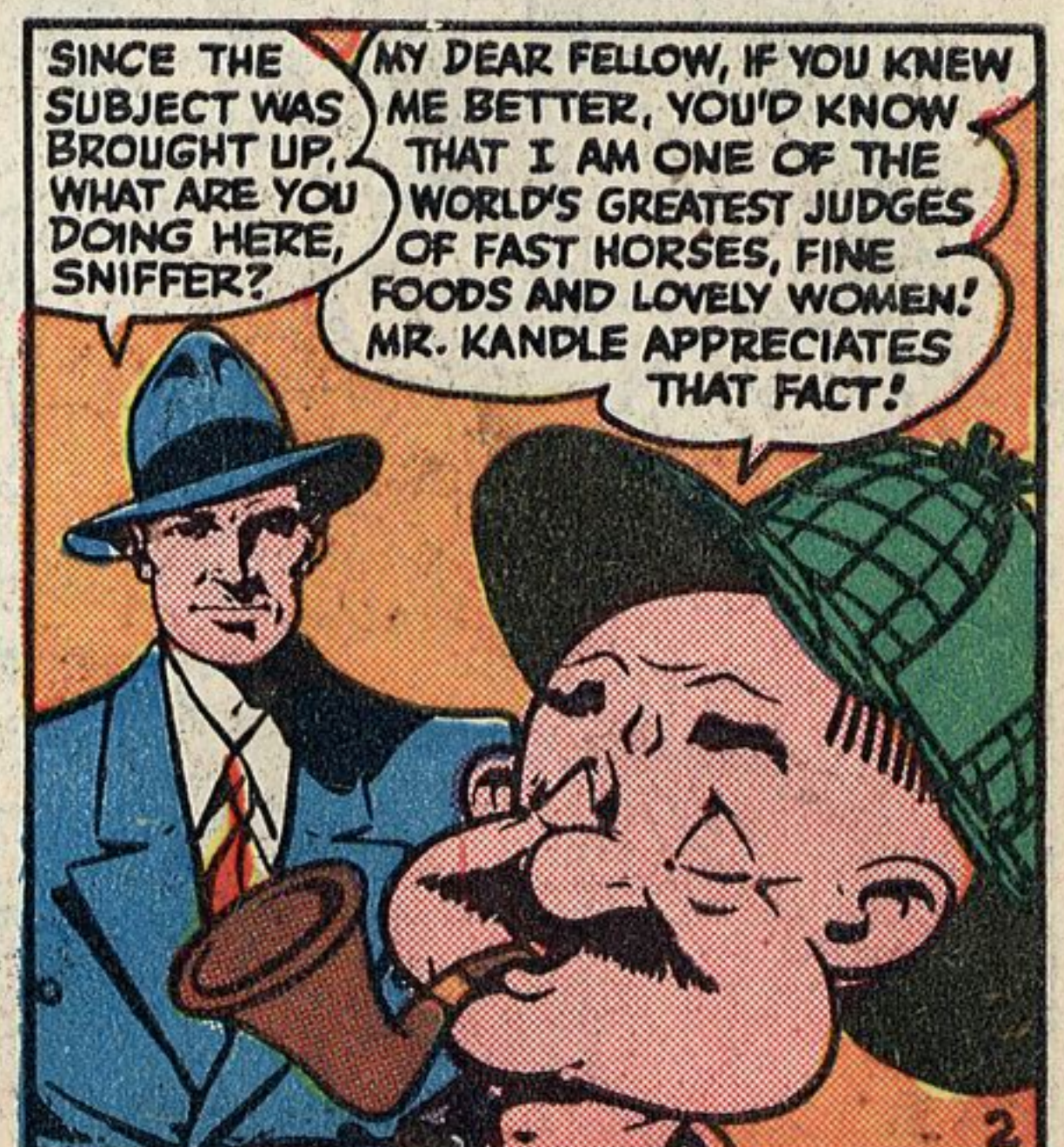
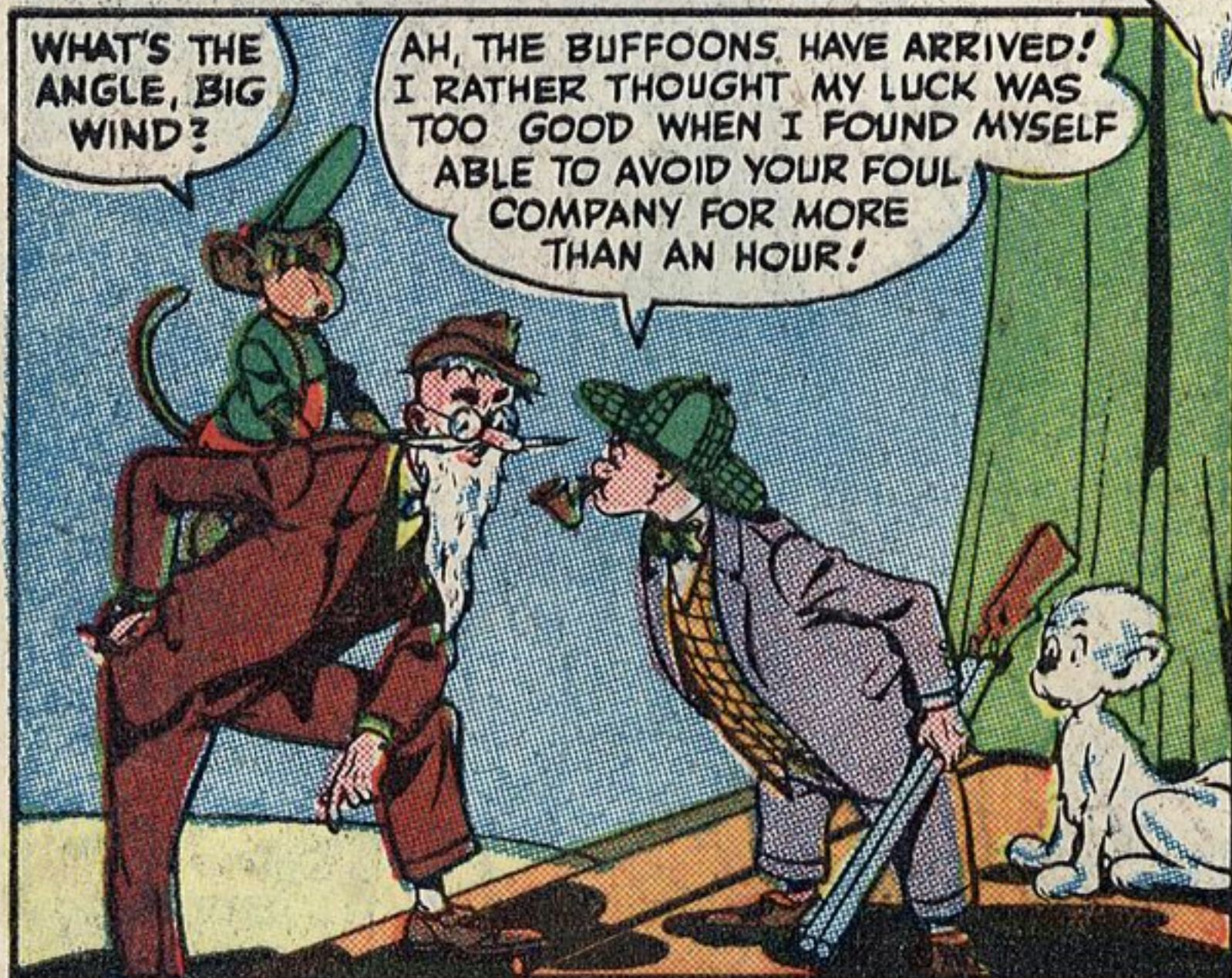


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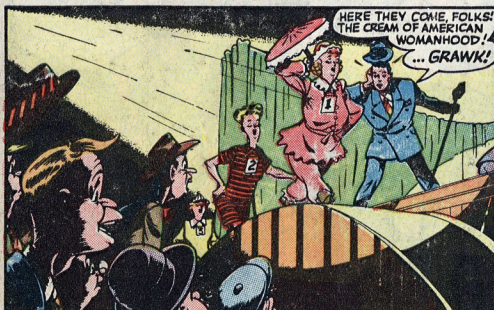
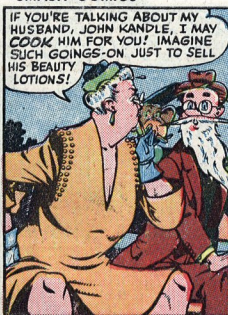


BEAUTY CONTEST? SAY, SNIFFER SNOOP WAS SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT BEING A FINE JUDGE OF FEMININE PULCHRITUDE AS WELL AS A GREAT SLEUTH! YOU DON'T THINK?

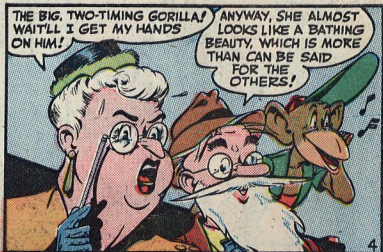
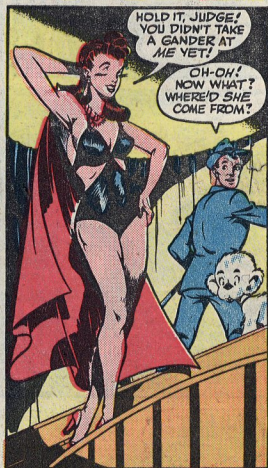
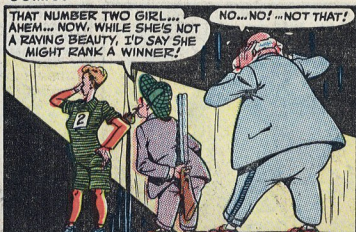
IF HE HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT, IT'LL BE GOOD FOR A MILLION LAUGHS! LET'S GO!



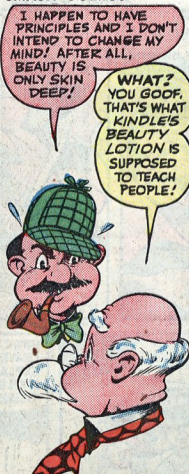
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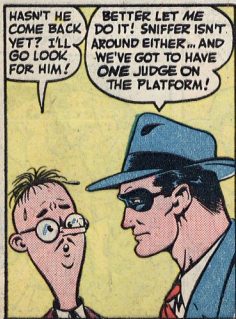
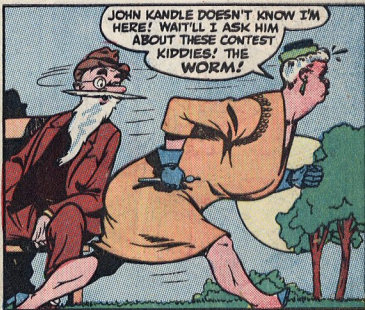
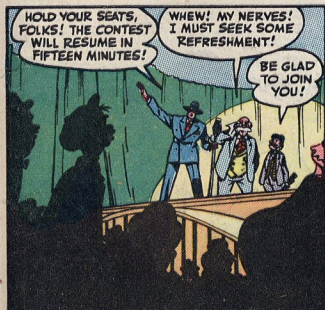
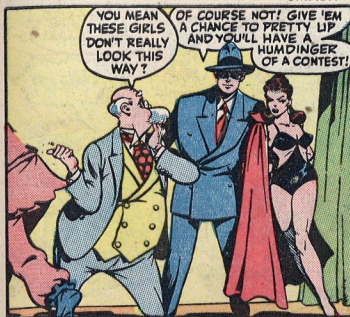
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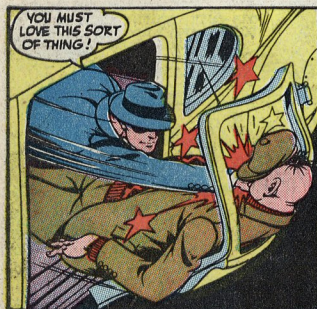


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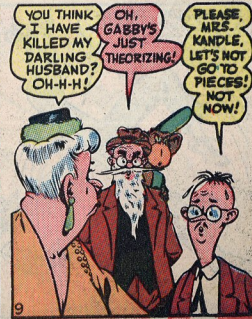
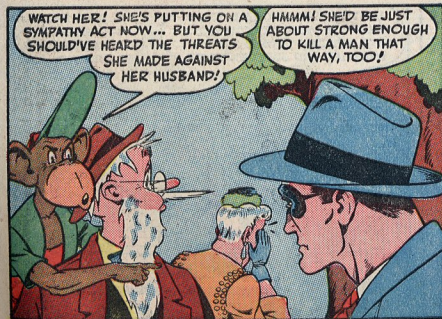
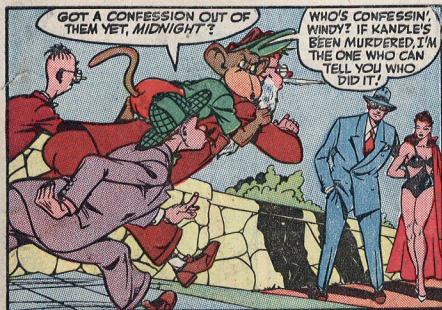


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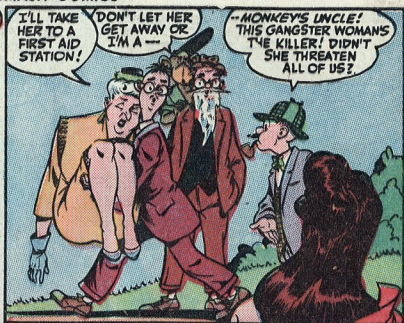


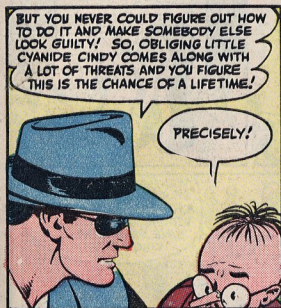


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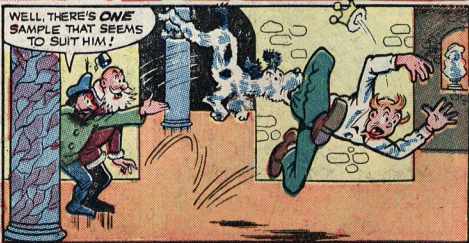
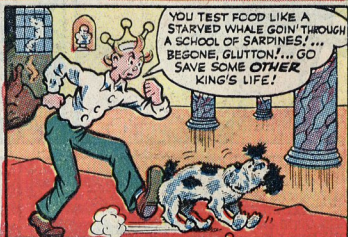
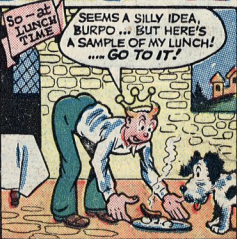


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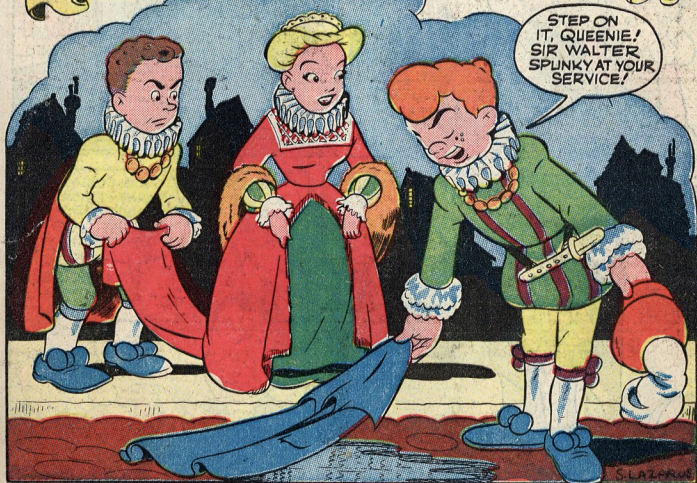




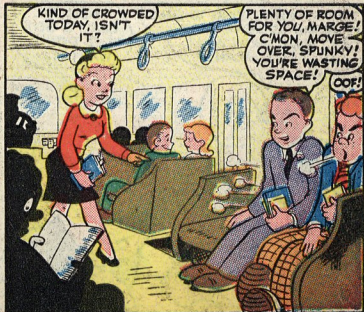
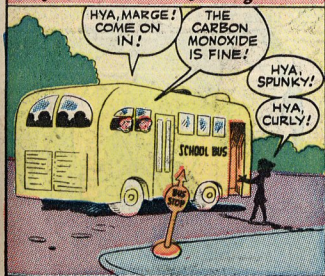
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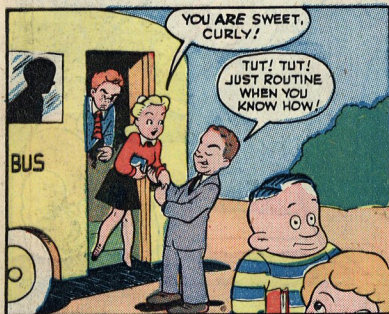
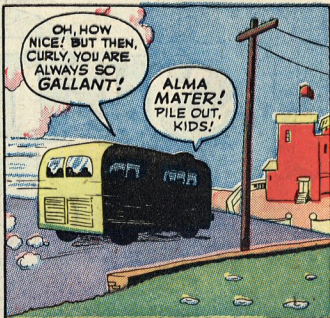
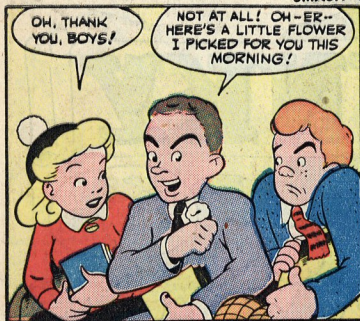
SPUNKY

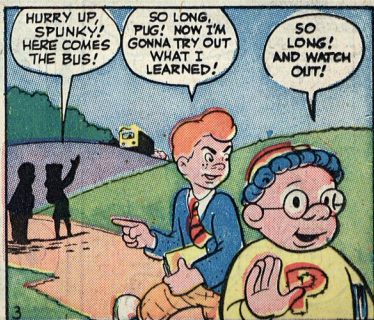
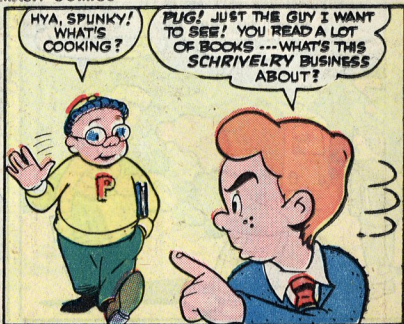


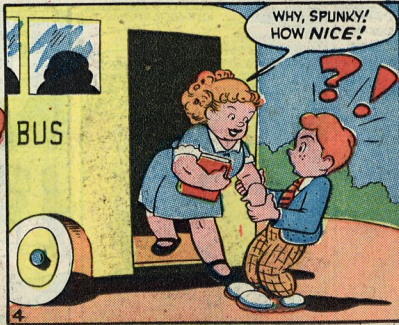
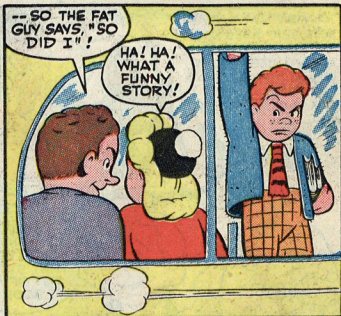
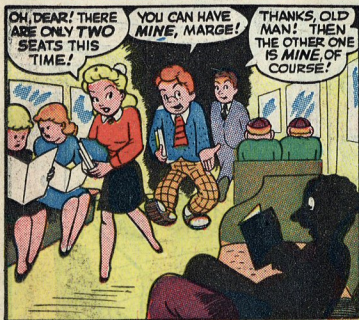
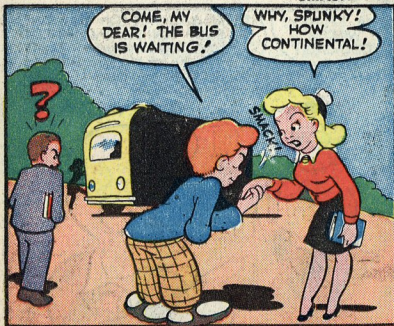
Our story opens as the Backwash School Bus pauses to take on a passenger....

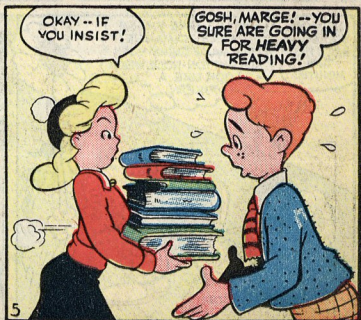
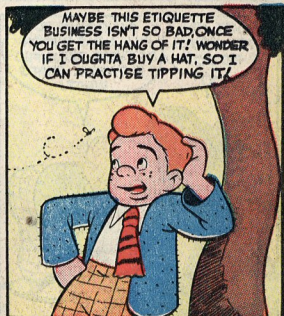
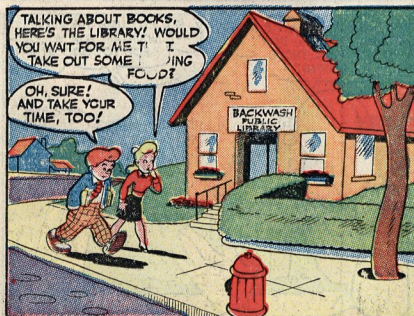
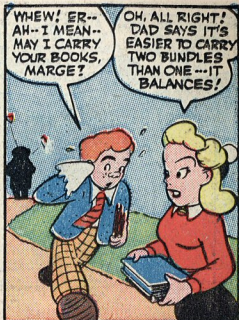
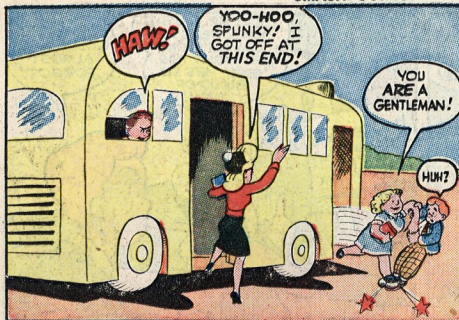


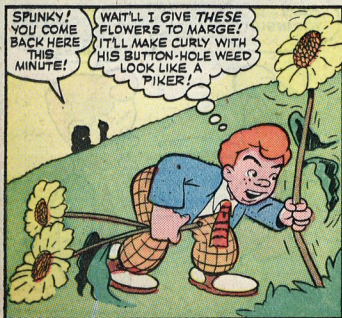
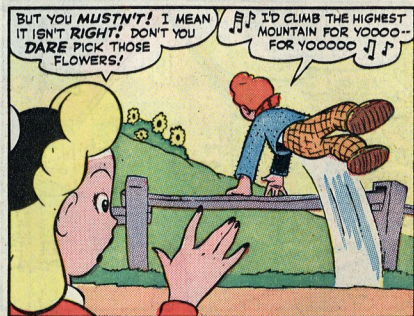
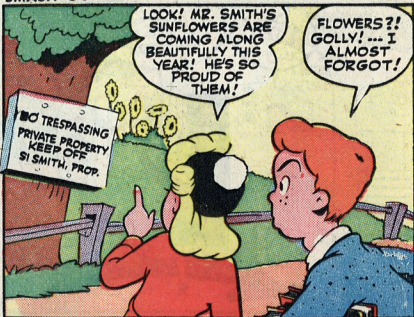
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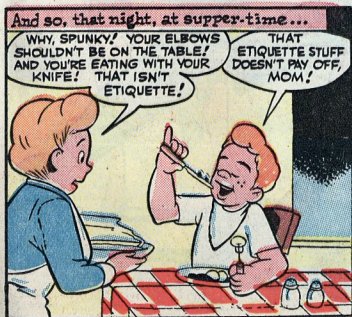
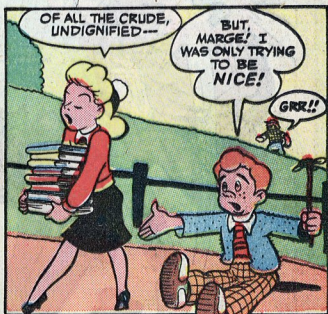
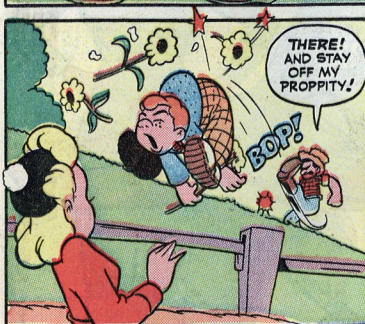
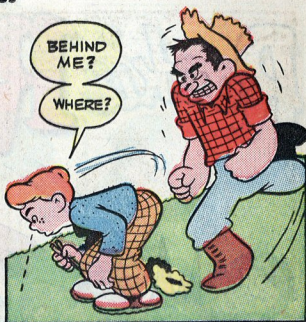
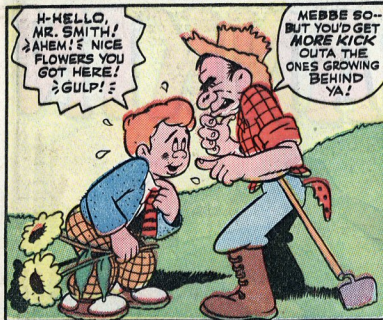












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Rookie RANKIN



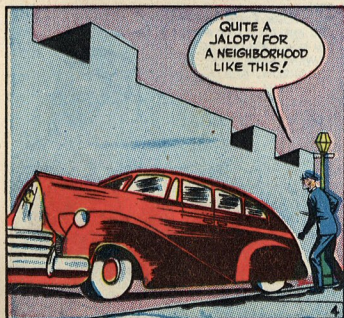
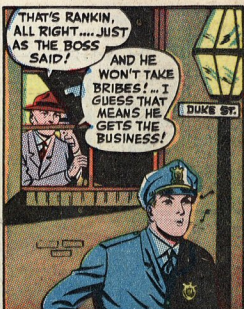
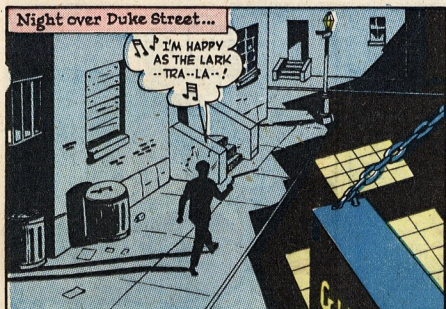
Rookie Rankin was all for being helpful! But when assisting a lady philanthropist began to look like his regular assignment, he began to long for the feel of a crook's jaw on his fist! And then suddenly there were more crooks around than he thought he could handle... to say nothing of some cop killers who had him on the famous spot marked "X"!!

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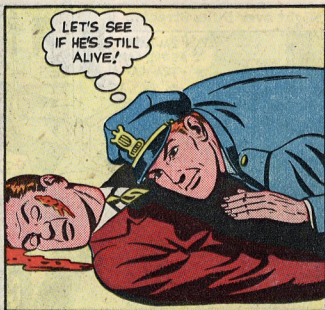
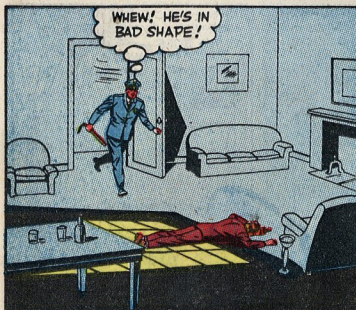


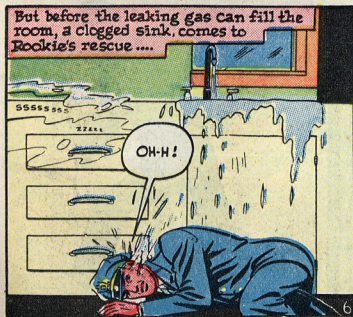


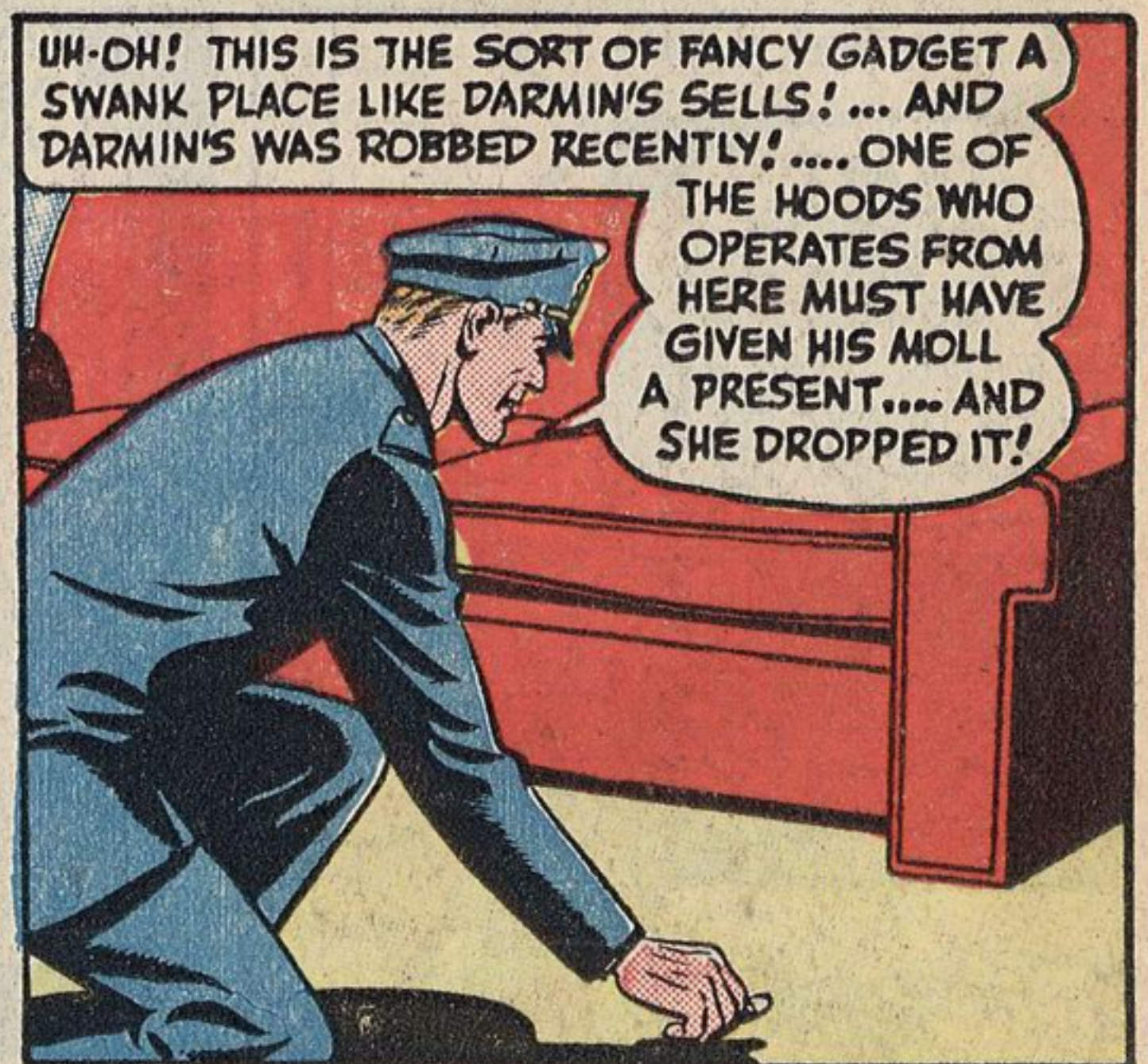
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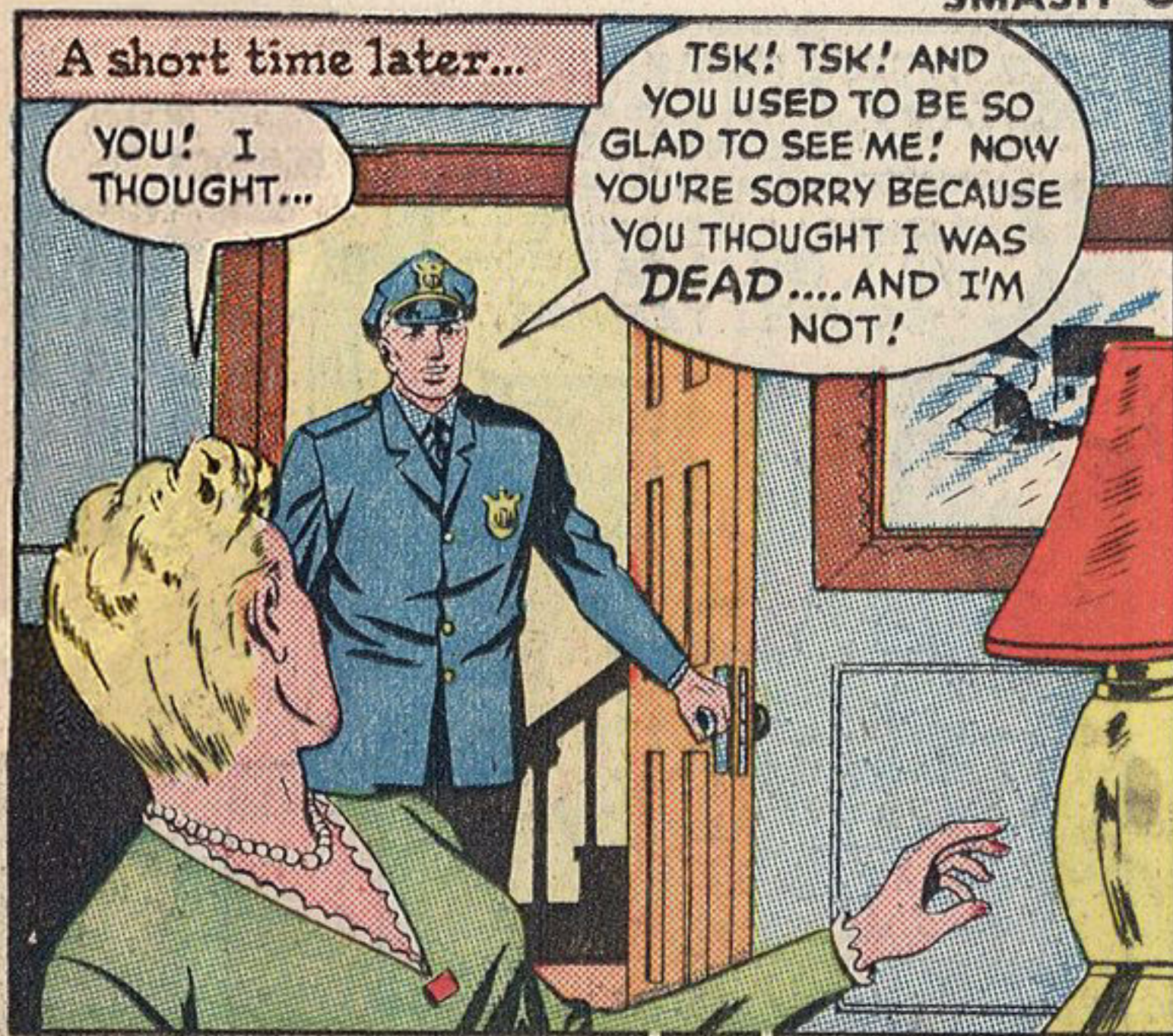


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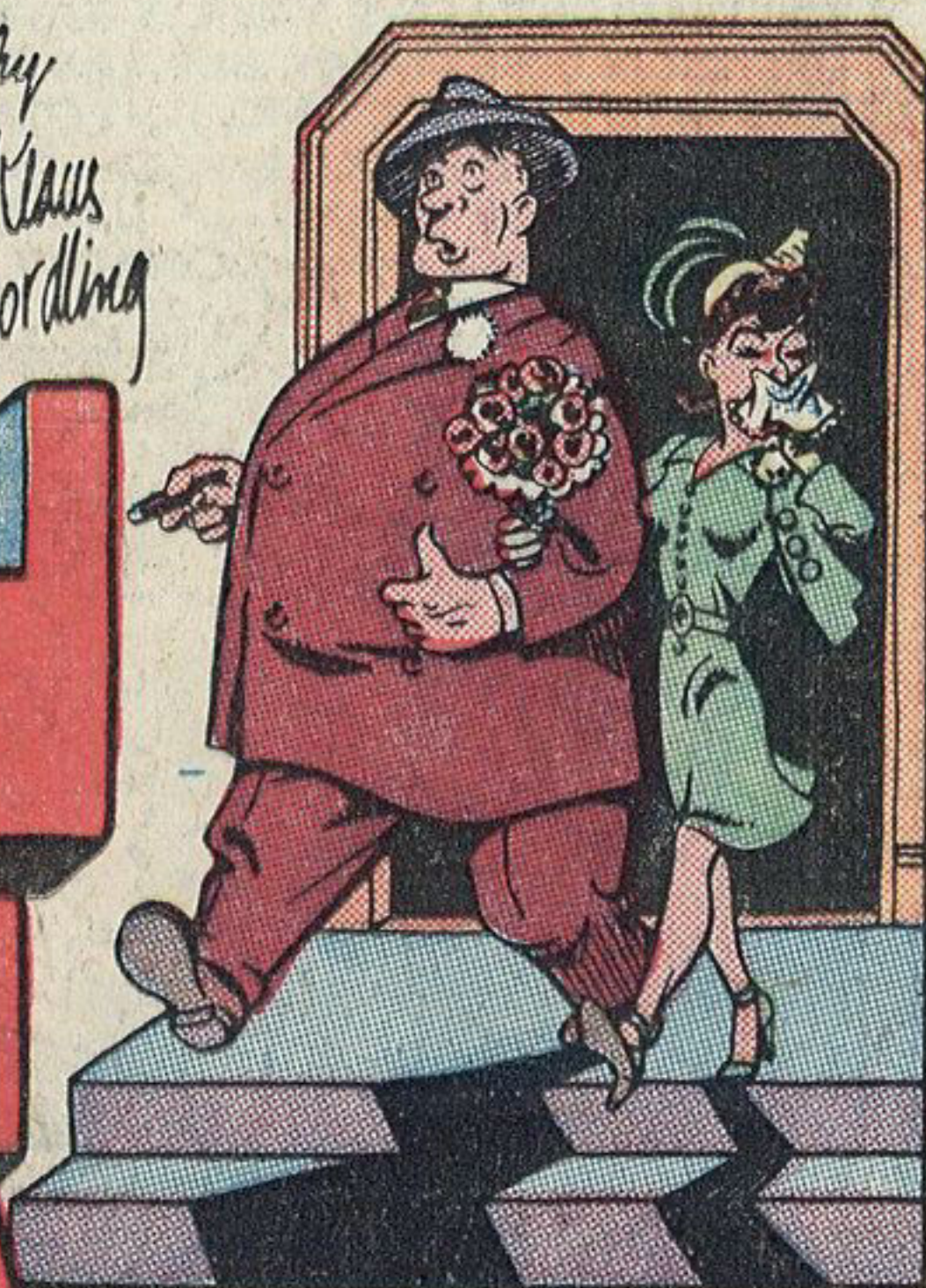








My
Klaus
Nordling



CONGRATS,
CHUNKY!

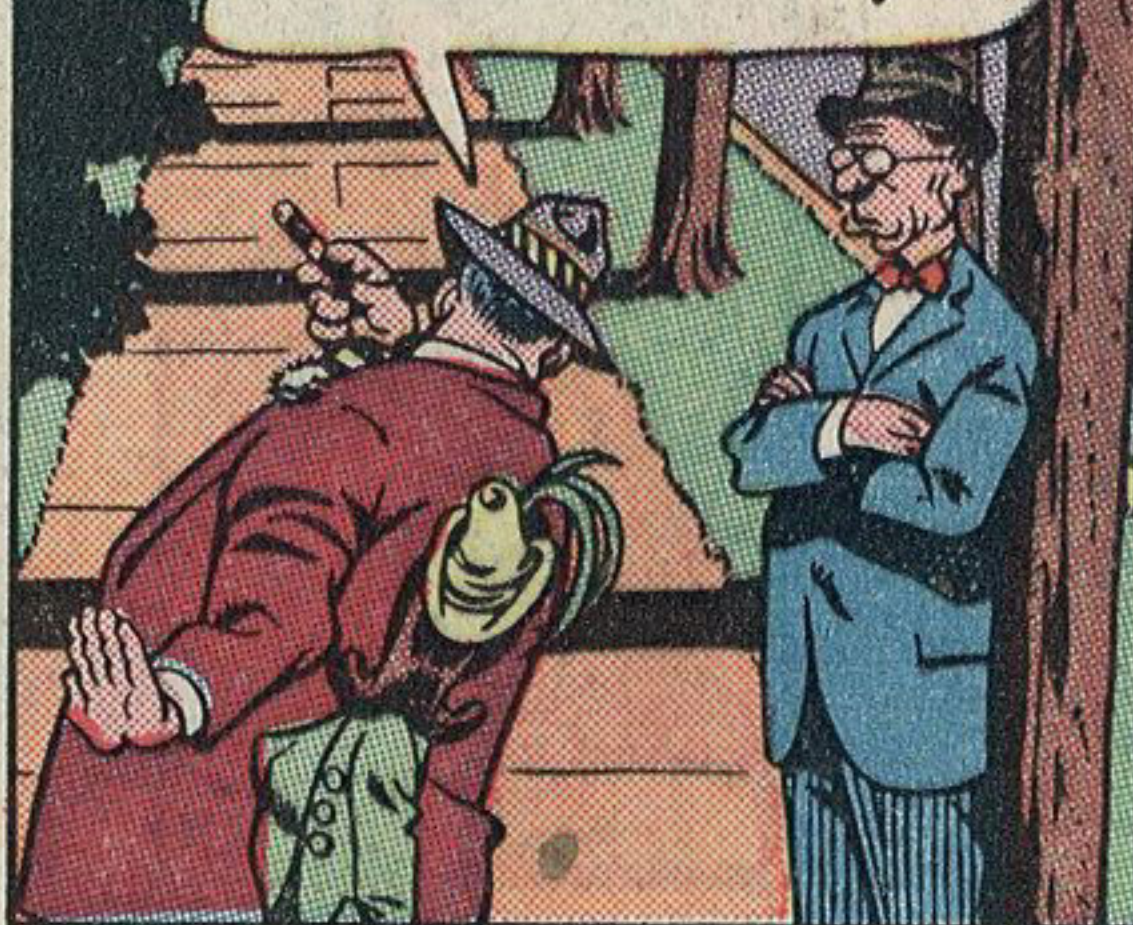
REMEMBER,
WHOEVER
CATCHES
THIS HERE
BRIDAL BOUQUET
WILL BE THE NEXT
BRIDE! TEE-HEE...



AW, GEE! I AM
GONNA BE A
BRIDE!



AWRIGHT, LET'S CUT THE
MUSICAL COMEDY ROUTINE!
WHERE'S **DOC**--- OH!
ALL SET, **DOC**?

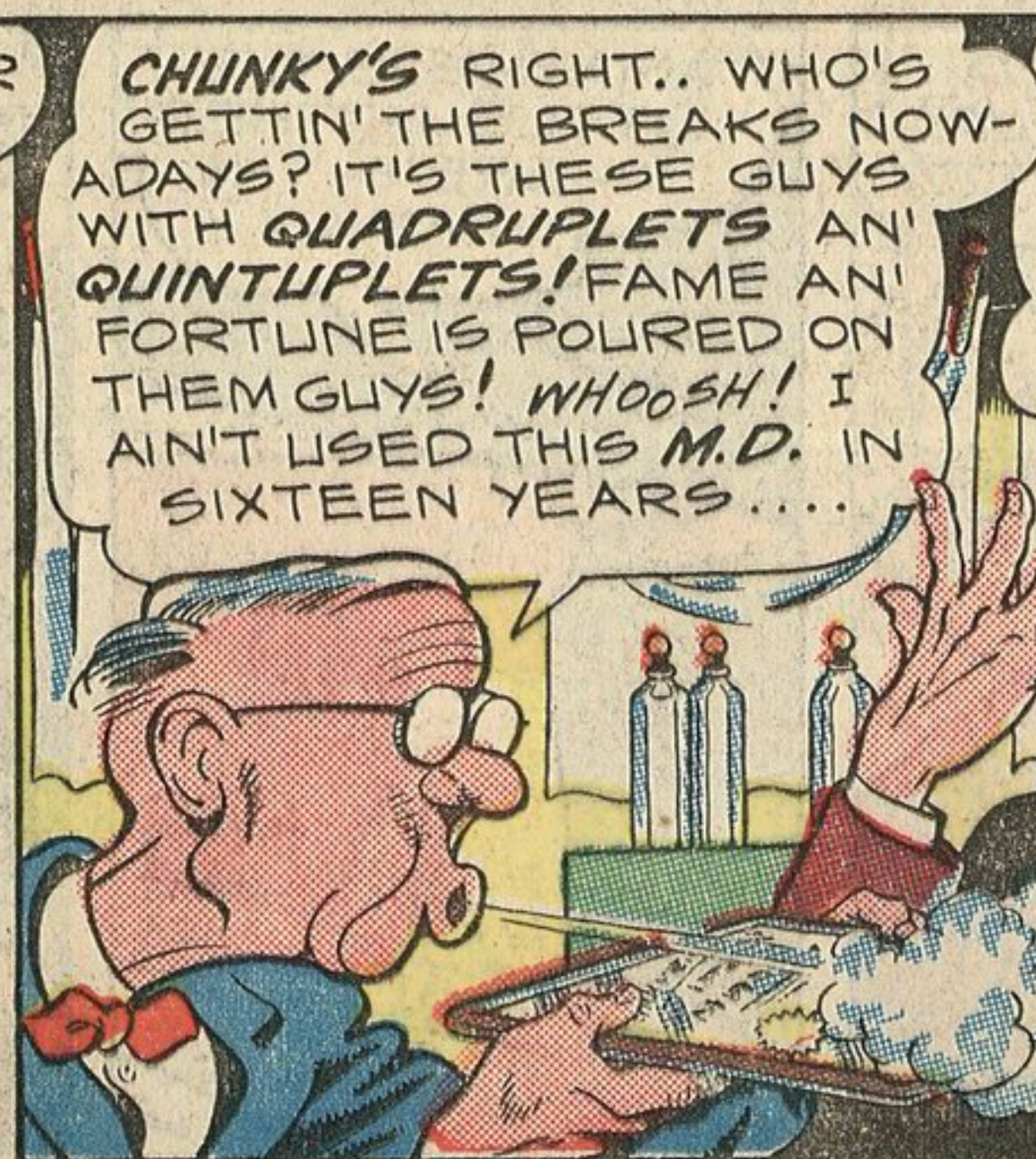


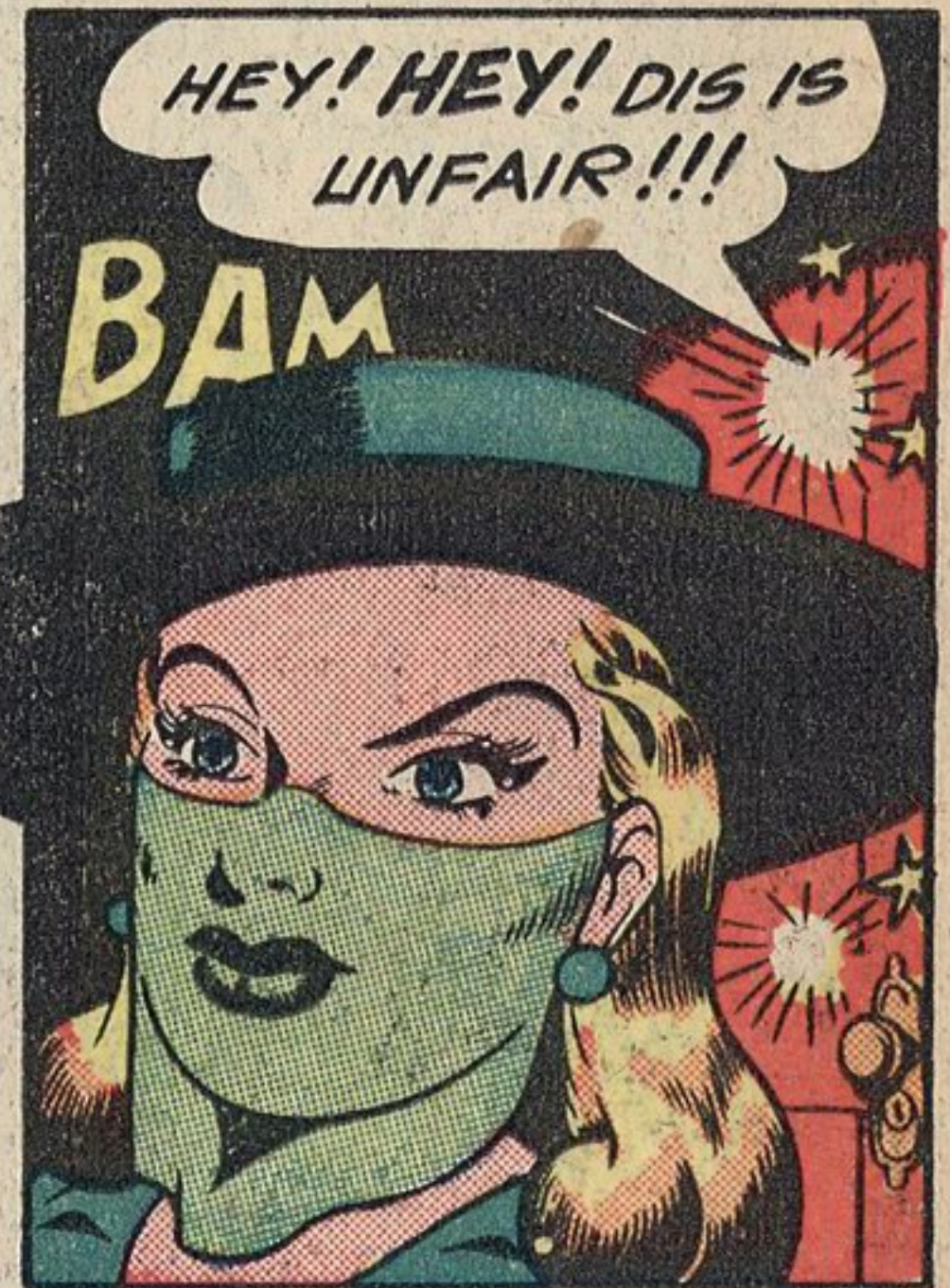
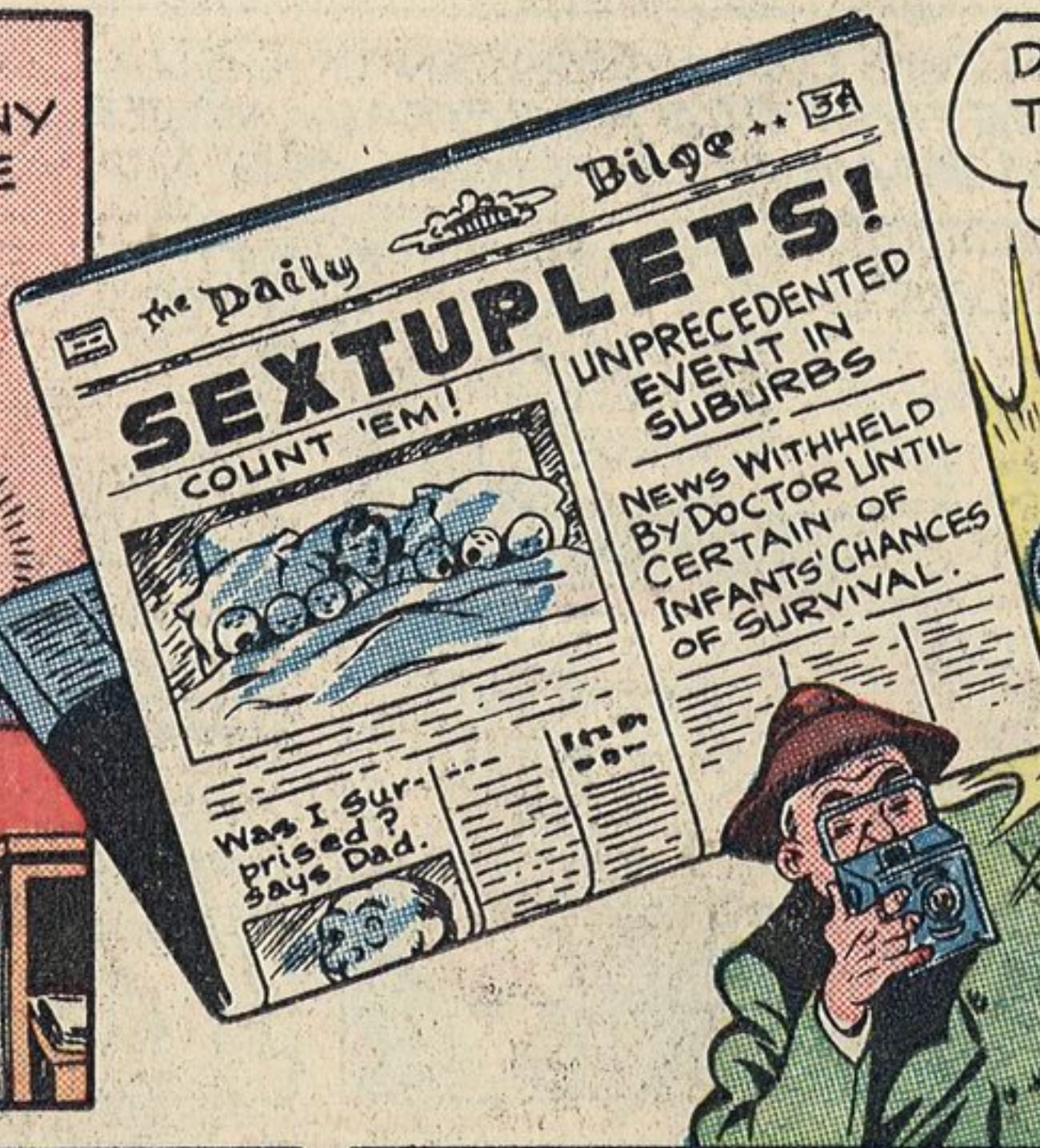
YEAH.. NOW YA GOT IT STRAIGHT, FELLAS?
I WANTCHA ALL BACK AT THE HAPPY
COUPLE'S PLACE BY NIGHTFALL... WITH
SIX OF 'EM.. NO MORE, NO
LESS...

SIX!!



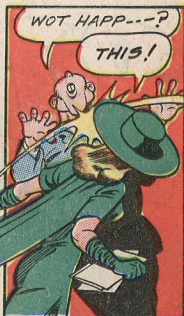
IT IS SOMEWHAT LATER IN THE DAY WHEN AN UNUSUAL EVENT TAKES PLACE IN THE **METROPOLE HOSPITAL**, WHERE THE NOTED SOCIETY GIRL, **BRENDA BANKS**, IS A NURSE'S AID VOLUNTEER....







I DON'T LIKE THIS A-TALL!



WOT HAPP---?
THIS!



THEM LITTLE BRA---
ER--BABIES SURE IS
RAISIN' HOLY HECK
IN THERE, HUH?



RELAX! DON'T
FAMPER THEM!



I WAS JUS' GOIN' FOR
A LITTLE AIR, SEE?
TEN DEEP BREATHS,
SEE... MMHH! MHHH...



WE GOT
YOUR
SIGNAL,
**LADY
LUCK!**
WHAT'S
THE
PITCH?

I TOLD YOU
MAYBE I'D
HAVE A NEW
ANGLE ON
THIS YARN..
AND HERE
YOU ARE ...



ONE BABY'S FOOT-
PRINT IS
IDENTICAL WITH
THAT OF THE ONE
KIDNAPPED
FROM
**METROPOLIS
HOSPITAL!**

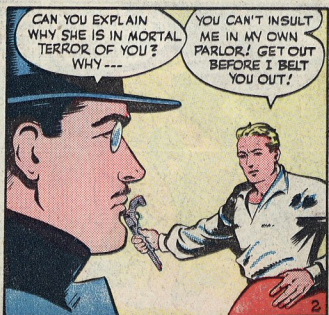
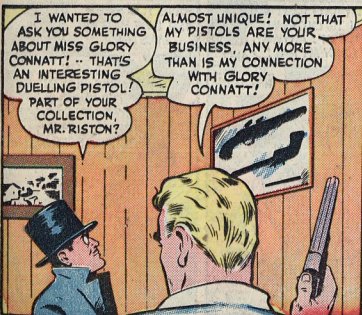


WHICH LEADS TO THE CON-
CLUSION THAT **ALL** THESE
BABIES WERE **KIDNAPPED!**..
AND THE WHOLE JOB IS A
FRAUD! TAKE YOUR TIME,
BOYS.. THERE'S STILL
TIME FOR THE AFTERNOON
EDITION....

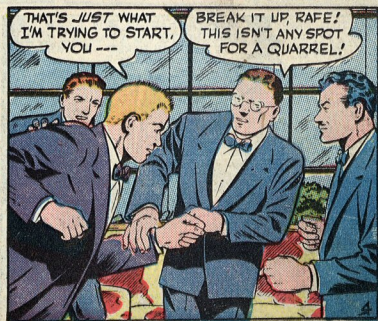
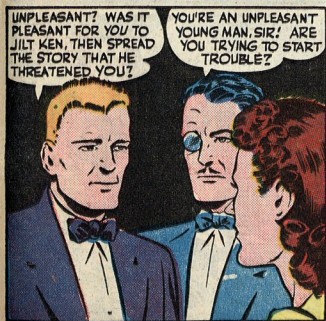
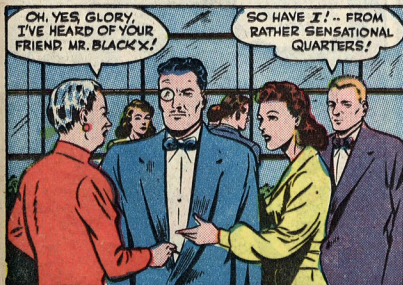
BLACK X



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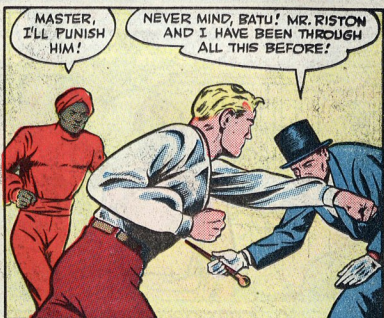


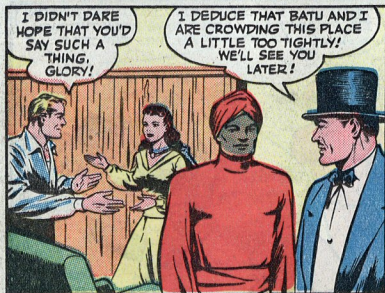


SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS







A HEAD FOR MURDER

PROFESSOR HUGO KRANTZ opened the package very carefully. It was marked "Fragile." Layer after layer of heavy paper enwrapped it. And then when he had got all the paper off, there was a layer of some kind of grass, dried.

"Hm!" said Professor Krantz as the last layer fell away and a square cube of hardened clay was revealed to his astonished gaze. "What's all this?"

He lifted the lump of clay. It weighed about three pounds and was some eight inches square. It was dark blue in color, the sort of clay found up the Amazon. Far up.

The professor picked up the outer layer of paper and studied the postmark. It was "Bahia." That was Brazil. It was dated three weeks earlier, and the Customs stamp, in vivid purple was plainly visible.

Prof. Krantz set the cube on his desk and looked at it for a minute. He couldn't make it out. He got a magnifying glass from a drawer and looked closer. There were minute carvings on all sides of the cube, but he could not read them.

Was this some kind of joke? Many persons knew him in Brazil; he had spent several years there in the teeming jungles, searching for buried gold of a lost race.

But if a joke, what kind of joke? Maybe the explanation would arrive in a later mail. Professor Krantz suddenly sat up-

right, feeling a chill. But no—no, it couldn't be . . .

A couple of days later the professor was dictating some letters to his secretary when the latter scraped some papers off the desk accidentally. The clay cube fell to the floor and shattered. The secretary screamed and collapsed into her chair. The professor's eyes bulged as he stared at the horrible thing that had toppled across the floor, released from the imprisoning clay. It was a grinning shrunken human head!

Professor Krantz gasped and then quietly fainted.

The story goes back, at this point, just five years. The place, Brazil, far up the Amazon in a dense, uncharted jungle.

Bert Standish had lived with a little known race of aborigines in this part of South America for some fifteen years. He had discovered the tribe, and then been made a sort of king by them because of his white skin and beard. They were beardless and very brown. Bert's mission in this region had been to find these people about whom he had heard for some years through native friends.

It was Standish who had written a paper on the tribe and submitted it to a large college in the States. Professor Stede Holme, famous anthropologist from Sweden, had become intensely interested. And not long after Standish's report had arrived, Holme organized an expedition to invade the Amazonian interior and learn more about the tribe.

Prof. Krantz had been put in charge of the expedition and it was sent to South America. Prof. Krantz was ambitious, vain, and egotistical. He wanted to make a name for himself in the scientific world, but aside from that he wanted riches, power. He had heard stray whisperings of Standish's finding of hordes of gold hidden by his strange tribe. That gold lured the professor even more than the prospect of making a great discovery.

The Krantz party had no trouble hiring bearers and other help in Rio to make the trip inland. It was known by the natives that all colleges of Estados Unidos paid high wages. The hundred or so fellows hired were anxious to leave, and leave they did, not two days after the party was actually organized.

The trip up-river was uneventful until they had reached the Nirvarro country. Then trouble began. This was the land of the head hunters and these dark-skinned wild men were mean to the last degree. Blow-guns popped during the day, and several natives were struck. It was only by the miraculous work of the doctor who accompanied them that these natives lived. Usually the poison used by the head-hunters' darts is lethal. But when caught in time it can be stopped.

At last the party reached Standish's camp which was really a permanent establishment. A large, rush affair with a thatch roof, it served as palace for the tribe, who actually looked upon the bearded

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white man as a god. Guards stood all around the edifice.

Standish called them off and allowed the party to land on the banks of the river. It was a happy meeting. Standish hadn't seen any white men for more than five years and he hungered for companionship.

Things went along easily for the first few days. Krantz and several other professors studied the men of the tribe, made notes and photos. They were indeed a race then unknown to science.

"I understand," said Krantz one day, "that these people have much gold hidden away. Is this true?"

Standish hesitated a moment. "Yes, it is true. They look upon gold as we would steel. It is used to make utensils, and even weapons; that's all."

Krantz breathed more deeply. "But gold—"

"Is the only metal they know about," filled in Standish. "That's why they consider it sacred. Much like other tribes over the world who know of only one metal."

Krantz nodded. "Have you never thought about taking some of this gold, Standish?"

"Not this gold, Prof. Krantz. As I said, they consider it sacred. They are my friends."

Standish seemed to consider the conversation at an end. He strode away. Krantz, however, did not consider anything finished. He meant to have that gold!

Jimmy Christian landed his small sea plane on the afternoon of the sixth day the party had arrived. Standish had sent for him to conduct the party inland to one of the huge temples which he considered part of the early lore of his little race. Christian knew the jungle as well as he, but pri-

marily Standish wanted Jimmy to fly in the supplies so they wouldn't be burdened by them on the trip.

Jimmy had set his plane down in a little lake near the ruins and there he waited for five days, until the party arrived on foot. Standish was leading.

The temple, or what remained of it, stood on the bank of the lake. It was of a type of architecture that baffled all the men. Pictures were taken and measurements. These were for later examination.

It was Krantz who again broached the subject of gold to Standish one evening in the latter's tent. It was long after everyone else had gone to bed.

"I told you it was sacred gold, belonging to these people, who are my friends," Standish was mad.

"You won't tell me where to find it?" snarled Krantz.

"No."

Krantz whipped out a Luger. "Maybe this will change your tune," he snapped. "Get going, Standish. I know the cache is somewhere hereabouts. Get going!"

There was nothing else for Standish to do but go. He rose and stepped outside. Krantz, keeping him covered, followed. They walked a mile, to a low hill in which a cave appeared in the moonlight. "There it is," said Standish. "But you'll never get out with it."

Krantz's gun roared. Standish fell. Krantz dragged the lifeless body into the bush and covered it with rocks. Nobody would find it! Then he searched the cave, finding vast quantities of pure gold, in bars, made into pots, kettles, weapons.

Krantz hurried back to camp

and to bed. The next morning there was a great to-do. The natives cried and moaned for their lost king. A search was started, which lasted for nearly a week. But Standish, or his body, was never found.

"I'll find him someday, or else know what became of him," said Jimmy Christian to the professors. "He was my friend, one of the best chaps that ever lived. Yes, I'll never stop looking for him."

For several weeks of each year Jimmy searched the jungles in that vicinity for some trace of the lost Standish. Then one evening, near the end of 1944, he made a find. An old man of Standish's tribe lay dying. He called Jimmy close to him and whispered into his ear. Then he pointed to a corner of his hut. Under some rushes Jimmy found something that brought a gasp to his lips.

The dying man whispered some instructions, and then peacefully died. Jimmy carried them out, then cabled the New York police.

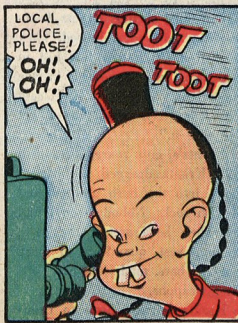
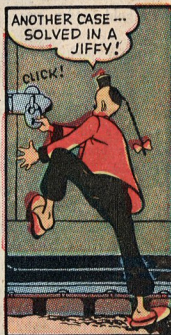
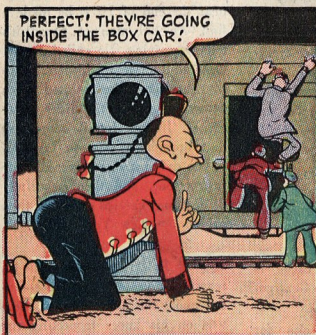
When Professor Krantz came to, several police officials were standing about the office. One of them was on his knees inspecting the shrunken head. He picked it up. It rattled. Something inside. There was a bit of paper stuck in the stub of dried neck of the head. The officer pulled it out and began reading.

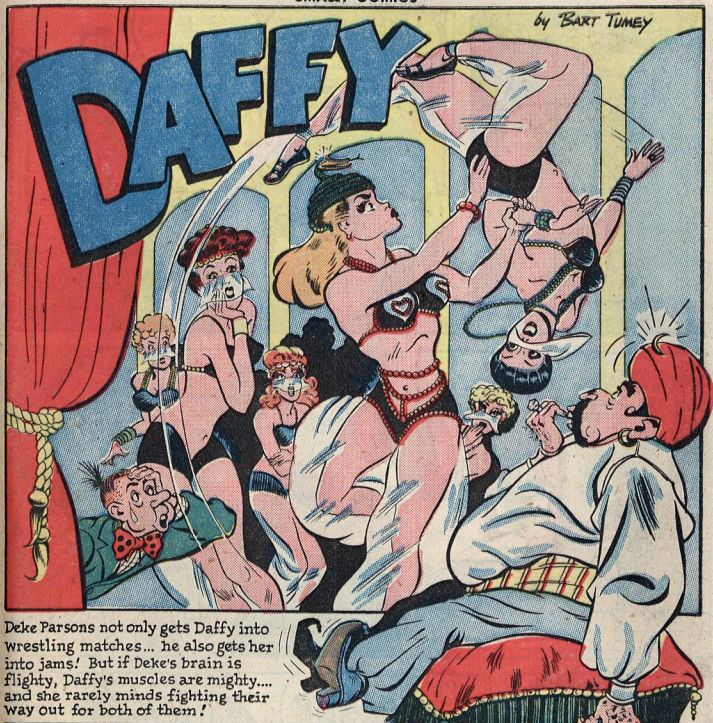
"An old tribesman, on his deathbed, confessed to finding the dead body of Standish near the tribes' gold cave. He cut off the head, shrunk it according to custom, and later had it encased in a cube of clay. The bullet inside the head came from a Luger pistol. Professor Krantz, a member of that expedition, carried such a pistol."

(Signed) "Jimmy Christian."

WIN-LOO

The
Defective
Detective





Deke Parsons not only gets Daffy into wrestling matches... he also gets her into jams! But if Deke's brain is flighty, Daffy's muscles are mighty... and she rarely minds fighting their way out for both of them!

GET THIS, DAFFEY! THE RAJAH OF TERMIDORE WILL GIVE A LAVISH, ORIENTAL ENTERTAINMENT FOR HIS COUNTRYMEN AT THE TERMIDOREAN EMBASSY!

THINK WE CAN GET JOBS WAITING ON TABLES THERE, DEKE?

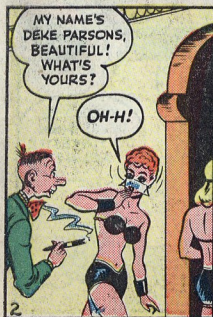


DAFFEY, ONCE AGAIN YOU FAIL TO APPRECIATE MY GENIUS AND INGENUITY AS YOUR MANAGER! JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T HAD A MATCH IN A MONTH DOESN'T MEAN I'VE GIVEN UP!

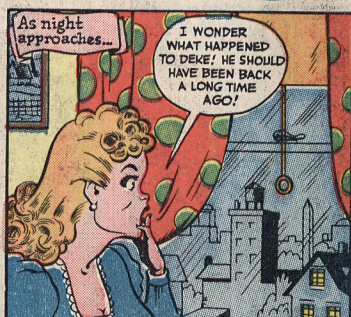
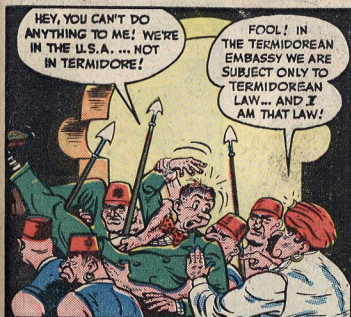
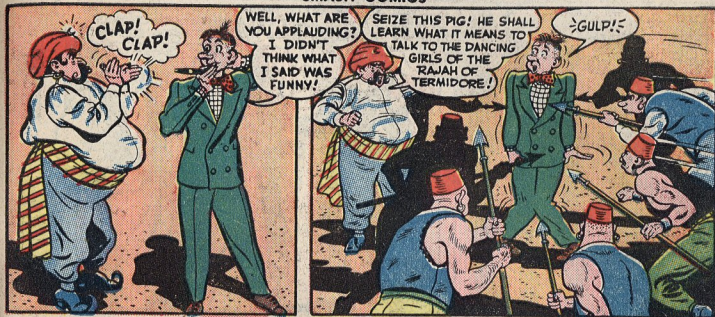
THAT'S FINE, DEKE! WHEN DO I WRESTLE AGAIN?



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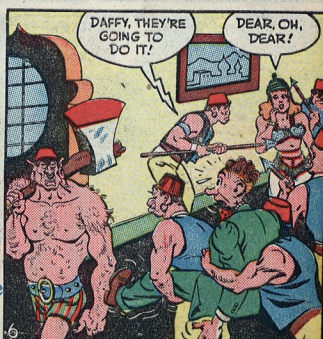
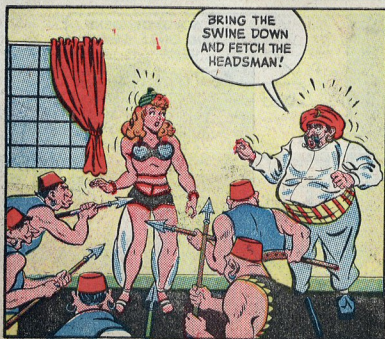
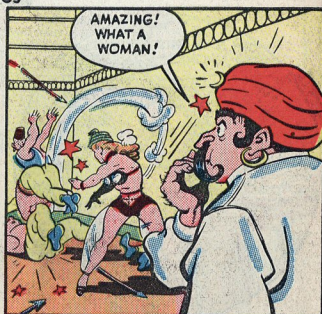
BUT I TELL YOU, A FRIEND OF MINE IS IN THERE ... AND I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM!

OH, GOLLY, THEY CAN'T SPEAK ENGLISH AND I CAN'T GET A HALF NELSON ON THEM WHILE THEY HOLD THOSE SPEARS!

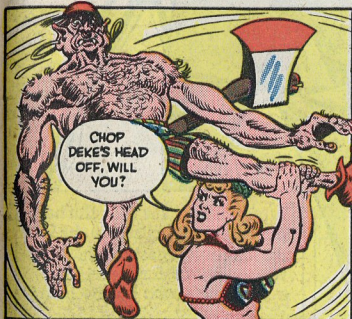
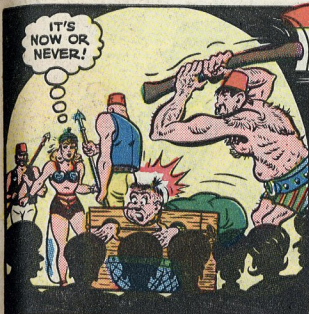


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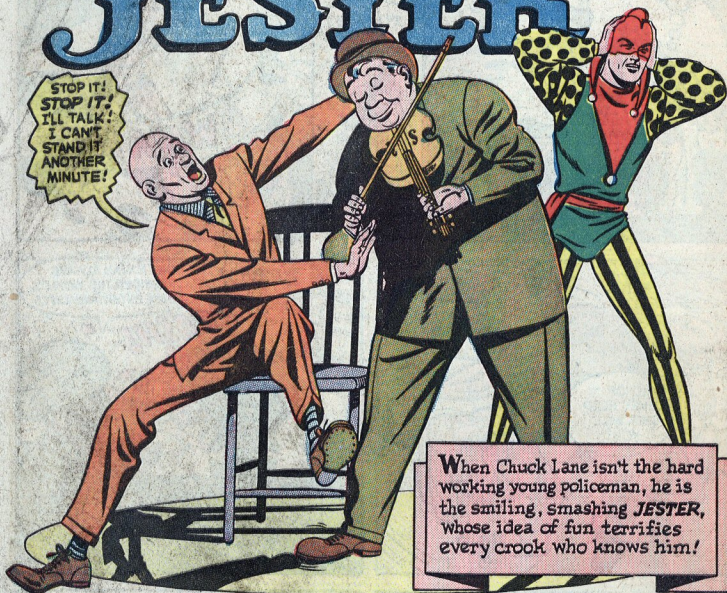


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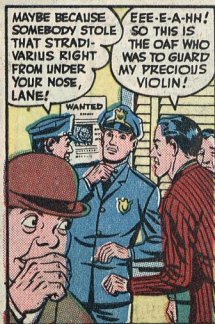


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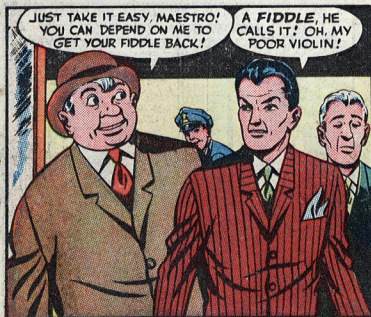
The JESTER

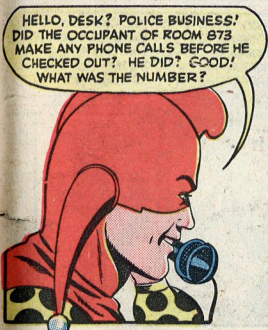


LOWDLY HALL

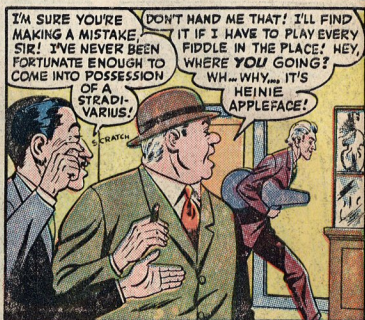


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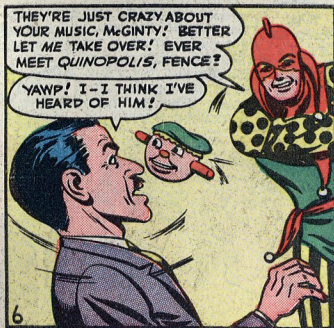


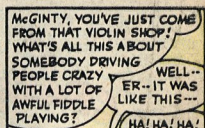
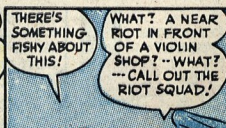
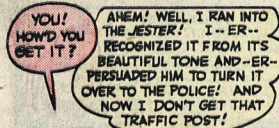


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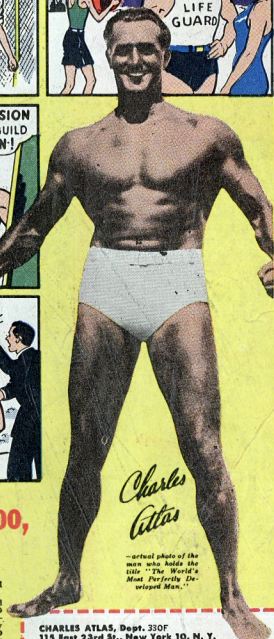
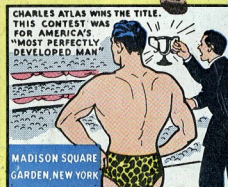
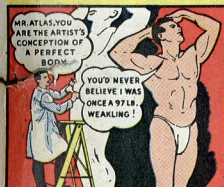
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HOW A 97-Lb. WEAKLING became the WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN

CHARLES ATLAS



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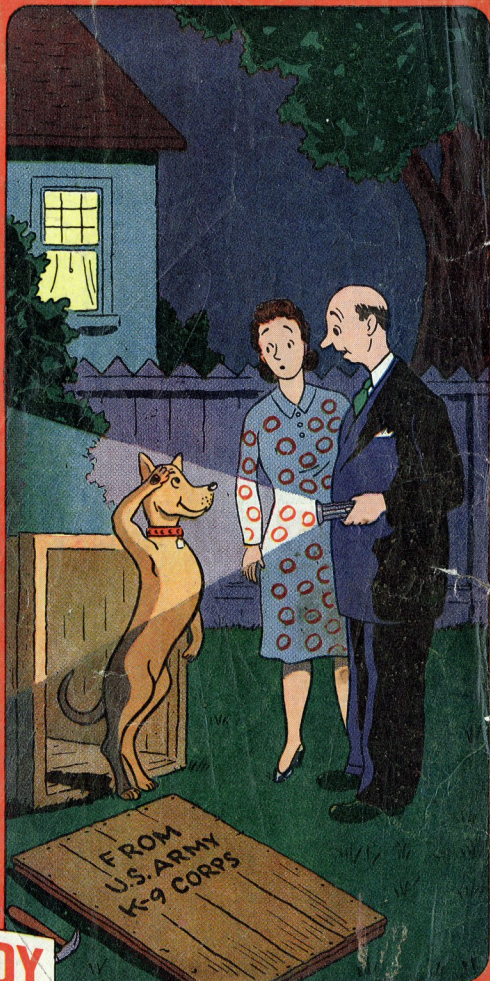
That's good news indeed. Flashlight batteries may look alike on the outside, but that similarity is only skin-deep. There are important differences inside every "Eveready" Battery — differences that mean longer life!

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"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"